



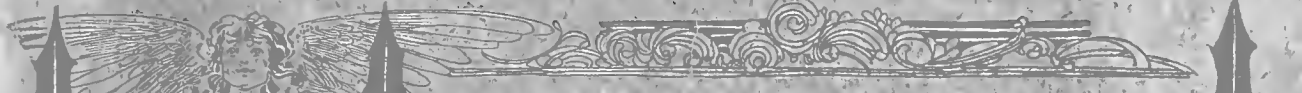
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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 4

FEBRUARY 15, 1899

Vol. XXXIV.



HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



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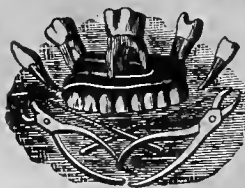
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IN EFFECT JANUARY 8, 1899.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:80 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Mantl, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	10 50 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	9:45 p. m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:25 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and West	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:30 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	10:40 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Mantl and intermediate points	5:35 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	6:45 p. m.
No. 10—From Ogden and intermediate points	3:10 p. m.

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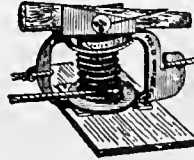
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXXIV.

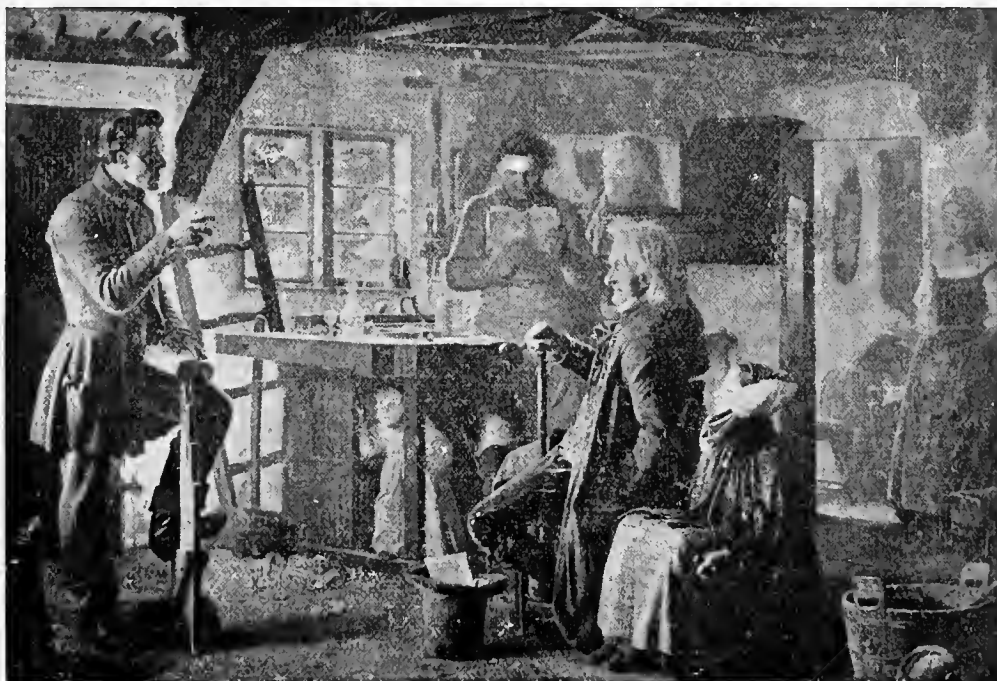
SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

No. 4.

"THE MORMON MISSIONARY."

HEREWITH is presented a reproduction of a somewhat noted painting, which is familiar to nearly all the Elders who

to look upon the art treasures of Copenhagen. It is an exquisite piece of work as seen in the original, and possesses an interest to Latter-day Saints quite apart from its artistic merit, great though the



"THE MORMON MISSIONARY."

have labored in the Scandinavian mission, as well as to most other Elders and visitors from Utah who during the last twenty-five or thirty years have been privileged

latter is. It represents an Elder in the act of expounding the Scriptures and preaching the Gospel to the household. The picture is said to have been painted

from life, at least from an actual incident, and the faces are those of real persons. This fact naturally causes an inquiry as to the identity of the missionary; and this is still veiled in doubt, so far as I know. It is understood, however, that he was not an Elder from Utah, but was one of those youthful, zealous converts who, in earlier days of our foreign missions more than is the case now, went out locally in every direction, proclaiming the glad tidings which they had themselves received. It is also commonly understood that the paper held in the hands of the young carpenter is one of the famous tracts of the late Apostle Orson Pratt.

Other features of the picture may be surmised or interpreted according to taste, there being several different stories about it, but none that I know of which comes from the painter himself or tells exactly what he had in his mind when he executed it. It appears plain that the two figures in the foreground and center—the old man and the young woman—are visitors, they being dressed in their "Sunday clothes." At least one of them, the fine-looking old gentleman, appears deeply interested. The curiosity of the child, peeping out from under the carpenter's bench, is but typical of a feeling which the name of "Mormon" has caused in thousands of minds, while the sturdy, handsome, earnest face of the preacher denotes plainly the sincerity of his words and his conviction that what he is doing and saying is the truth. As a representation of the interior of a Danish home the painting is no doubt accurate to the least detail; and, as already stated, the work of the artist, so far as applies to the coloring, technical correctness and fine attention to drawing, feature and the smallest incident, is of the very first order.

Elder C. C. A. Christensen of Sanpete County, Utah, himself widely known in our community as an artist and one familiar with art subjects, furnishes the following additional particulars of the picture:

"It is entitled 'A Mormon Visit.' The original oil painting is found in the Royal Art Gallery in Copenhagen, and is painted by Prof. Dalsgaard. As far as I remember, it is about 4x5 feet and beautiful and true to nature in every particular.

"It shows a young Mormon missionary in the act of expounding his doctrines to a country carpenter, and he has for his pulpit improvised the carpenter's 'jack' on which he rests his pocket Bible. The missionary is, in the oil painting, represented with light hair, nicely combed back, showing an open, honest face, full of earnestness, while his clothes, made of home-made cloth, as well as the crooked fingers on his uplifted hand, plainly show that he is himself a convert from some farming district, where hard toil has been his customary occupation before he changed it for work in the missionary field among his countrymen.

"The carpenter has bought a tract entitled 'Divine Authority, or the Question: Was Joseph Smith Sent of God?' and he is seemingly perusing with great interest some of its pages, while his child, half scared, yet with wonder, is peering at the stranger from its hiding place under the work bench. The old man, supposedly a neighbor or other visitor to the carpenter, has also bought a tract, entitled 'The Patriarchal Order,' which he has placed in his hat, which is standing by him on the floor; while the crippled woman has either fallen asleep or is blind, but I had the impression from the original picture that she was asleep.

"To the right in the picture stands a young girl by the opened door, and she

seems to have more particular interest in the young missionary than in his preaching, which, undoubtedly, was also the idea which the artist, with a touch of sarcasm, wished to convey.

"Through the open door, a glimpse was had of the kitchen, where grandma is engaged in cooking, taking no notice of the stranger or what is going on in the front room.

"Such scenes were very common in early days in Denmark, and the different effects of the first meeting with a Mormon missionary are so naturally and impressively brought forth in this group of people of various ages and conditions in the rural districts of Denmark, that it almost can be called a sermon on Mormonism, and it is thus delivered in a place, and by means, that will attract attention from people who perhaps never otherwise would hear or see anything of Mormonism, except through misrepresentations of the worst kind."

GREY FRIARS' BOBBY.

A POOR man died, and was buried in a graveyard at Edinburgh, Scotland, his only mourner a little Scotch terrier. On the two succeeding mornings the sexton found the dog lying on his master's grave, and drove him away with hard words, dogs being against the rules.

The third morning was cold and wet, and when the sexton found him shivering on the new-made grave, he hadn't the heart to drive him away, and gave him something to eat.

From that time, the dog made the churchyard his home, every night for twelve years and five months. No matter how cold or wet or stormy the night, he could not be induced to stay away from

the beloved spot, and if shut up would howl dismally.

Every day, when the castle gun was fired at ten o'clock, he went punctually to a restaurant near by, where the proprietor fed him. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him from the dog tax, and to mark his admiration of his fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar inscribed, "Grey Friars' Bobby, presented by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh."

He had many friends and visitors, and many, beside the men employed about the yard, tried to win his affections; but he refused to attach himself to any one person. For twelve years and five months he kept his watch over his master's humble grave, and then died quietly of old age, and was buried in a flower-bed near by. The master's grave is unmarked by any stone, but an expensive marble fountain was erected to the memory of his homeless dog, and the sculptor was paid twenty-five hundred dollars for the model of the bronze statue of Bobby which sits on top of it.

It is hard to believe that all that wonderful capacity for loving faithfulness ceased to exist when the breath stopped.

Rev. F. M. Todd.

JERICHO—NEW AND OLD.

HEREWITH is a picture of the Jericho of today, a town of ancient name and fame located in the valley of the Jordan, about thirteen miles northeast from Jerusalem. It consists of a few huts inhabited by perhaps 300 souls. The people, like the rest of the inhabitants of the region, are a degenerate lot; the hot and unhealthy climate seems to have an enervating effect upon them. It is tropical,

and many of the fruits and plants of the tropics grow round about the place, while many more might be successfully cultivated. At the time of my visit a few bananas were seen growing in one or two places; and around the town lay a flourishing field of corn and hemp; barley is ripe about the middle of April. The town is over 800 feet below the level of the sea.

Immediately to the west, the country is very hilly, and in appearance it some-

armed Arabs or Bedouins even now accompany the tourist or the party that ventures upon a trip to the historic region. This guard is made responsible for the safety of the traveler and his effects, of course a goodly fee being exacted as pay for the escort. The company with which I traveled was met at Bethany by the sheik of that place; he furnished us with a lively looking Bedouin, who brought us back in safety for ten francs, or about two dollars. In the



THE JERICHO OF TODAY.

what resembles Castle Valley in Utah. A good wagon road is now open from Jerusalem, making the travel between the two places quite comfortable. When I was here ten years ago the trip was made on donkey-back. The security of travelers has also been much increased. Not many years ago it was difficult to visit Jericho and the Dead Sea without danger of being robbed. One or more

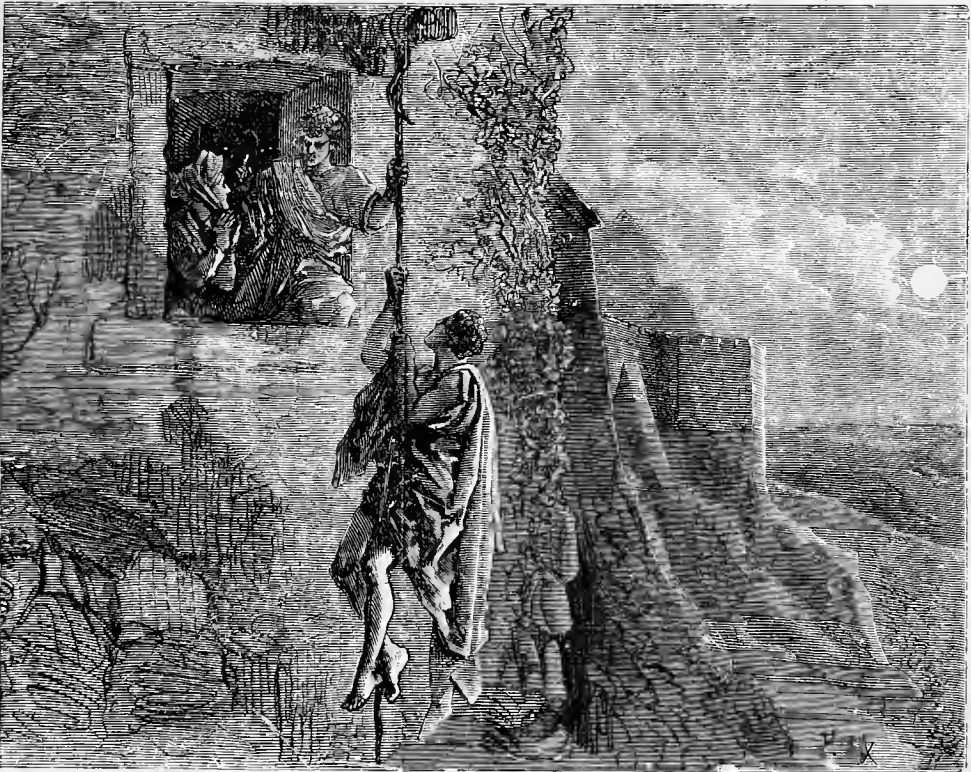
Savior's parable of the good Samaritan He tells how the man going to Jericho fell into the hands of robbers. He could not have chosen a more appropriate scene for the incident. For many hundreds of years it was indeed capable of furnishing and supporting a real "Robber's Roost."

Ancient Jericho lay by the springs at the foot of the hill Karantel, that is, to

the west of the modern village, and to the north of the Jericho of the Roman period. The old town, which was of large size, was enclosed with walls and surrounded with luxuriant vegetation. It has been called the City of Palms, because of the large number of the stately date palms which grew in the vicinity. These have now mostly disappeared—

dered the town, and in 1871 it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The whole of the Jordan Valley is owned by the Sultan of Turkey.

Near the town is a spring called the "Sultan's spring," but called by the Christians "the spring of Elisha," because they claim that this is the water which the Prophet "healed." The sec-



RAHAB BEFRIENDS JOSHUA'S SPIES.

few have existed since the seventh century.

At first the town belonged to the tribe of Benjamin, after which it passed into the possession of the kingdom of Judah. The present Jericho was built in the time of the Crusaders. They erected a church to the Trinity, and also a castle. But the Mohammedans again conquered it, and by them it has since been inhabited. In 1840 Ibrahim Pasha plun-

dered the town, and in 1871 it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The whole of the Jordan Valley is owned by the Sultan of Turkey. Near the town is a spring called the "Sultan's spring," but called by the Christians "the spring of Elisha," because they claim that this is the water which the Prophet "healed." The second chapter of the Second Book of the Kings tells how Elisha, tarrying at Jericho after his great companion Elijah had been caught up into heaven by a whirlwind beyond the Jordan, was approached by the men of the city who spoke of the pleasant situation of their town, though they lamented that the "water is naught and the ground barren." He ordered them to bring him a new cruse [a bottle or jar] and put salt there-

in, which, being done, he went out to the "spring of the waters," cast the salt into it and said, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land;" and "the waters were healed unto this day."

Not far from this spring is the traditional place of the site of the house of Rahab. She was the woman who befriended and concealed the two spies sent into Jericho by Joshua. When the king learned that such men were in his city, he caused inquiry to be made for them; but Rahab sent his messengers off on a false scent, and hid the two spies on the roof of her house, covering them with stalks of flax. Her house stood upon the wall of the city, and later in the night, she let her guests out by means of a cord from her window and they escaped back to their own friends. Rahab's general character was not of the best, but in this instance she acted the part of a protectress and friend to those whom the Lord befriended. Subsequently when the city was taken and destroyed by Joshua, she and her father's whole household and all that she had were saved by order of the victorious captain for her kindness in hiding his messengers.

The siege, capture and total destruction of the city, as told in the sixth chapter of the book of Joshua, is one of the most remarkable military events of which the world has any record. The Lord Himself gave instructions as to how it should be accomplished, and Joshua followed these instructions. On the seventh day of the siege, the program, which had been observed daily for six days, was repeated seven times over; that is, the procession of armed men, followed by seven priests bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the

covenant of the Lord, and still others of the children of Israel following after the ark, marched seven times around the city, instead of once as had been done each day for the previous six days; at the seventh time, the priests blew with the trumpets, and the army was ordered to shout; they did so, and the wall fell down flat; then they marched in and utterly destroyed all that was in the city, man and beast, old and young, male and female, with the edge of the sword—except, as above stated, Rahab and her kindred. The chapter may be read with profit by all the youth in Zion, as showing how great is the power of faith and how mighty is the hand of our God when He stretches it forth against the wicked or to protect His people.

I have mentioned the Savior's reference to the robbers on the way to Jericho. Another interesting New Testament reference to the city is to be found in the 19th chapter of Luke. A little publican named Zacchæus was so anxious to see Jesus that he climbed up into a sycamore tree in order to get a better view. The Lord saw him, and called upon him to come down quickly, adding, "Today I must abide at thy house." A place alleged to be the spot where Zacchæus used to live, is pointed out to the traveler in these days, and the guides even pretend to be able to locate the exact spot where the tree stood into which he climbed.

Friis.

"AND THE SICK WERE HEALED."

HAVING been permitted to witness the power of God which has been made manifest in this country through the faith of persons who were sick, and who did as the Apostle of our Savior taught—sent for "the elders of the church" and had them "anoint them with oil and pray

over them" and they were healed--I send you the following incidents, hoping the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will recognize the hand of the Lord in them, and have their faith in the laying on of hands strengthened.

On the 19th of October, 1898, while Elder T. P. Thompson and I were visiting in Ocoola township, we visited the home of Brother and Sister T. F. Phipps who were baptized in 1870, but who had not seen any of our Elders since that time until about a month before the time of which I speak. Their children knew nothing of their parents being Latter-day Saints, but they enjoyed the visits and teachings of the Elders and looked upon them as men of God.

One morning Amy, the ten-year-old daughter, was taken very sick, and had to go back to bed. Her loving mother asked her if she would not like to have the Elders administer to her and ask the Lord to heal her. She said she would; so Elder Thompson and I asked all of the members of the family to kneel with us in prayer, before we attended to the ordinance of administering to her. We asked the Lord to recognize His servants and to have respect for the faith of the sick child, as well as our own faith. And then Elder Thompson anointed her head with oil in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, after which we united in laying our hands on her head, and in the same holy name we rebuked the sickness and commanded it to leave her, and as soon as our hands were taken off her head she jumped out of bed and was perfectly well. It was a great testimony to all of us; especially Amy and her parents and her sister Gussie.

Another circumstance, in which the Lord recognized the authority of His servants and the faith of the sick, took place on January 17th of the present year,

in the same township as above, only in the southern part.

Mr. James Hodge, a farmer, who has been investigating the Gospel for several months, and who believes all of the teachings of the Elders, was taken very sick with a severe cold which settled on his lungs and developed into pneumonia. His neighbors and relatives urged him very hard to send for a doctor who lived about four miles away; but he told them he wanted the "Mormon" Elders to come and administer to him. One neighbor grew impatient at his statement and said some harsh things, but he still insisted on having the Elders, who were twenty miles away. His cousins, Elmer and Lewis Furlong, drove to Fond du Lac and took Elder Edward W. Croft and myself back with them. We arrived there at twelve o'clock at night, after a long, cold ride, and found Mr. Hodge very sick, but delighted to see us. His lungs were very sore and painful; he was spitting blood and had not slept for four days and nights. We administered to him, and as soon as our hands were taken from his head, he said all pain had left him, and after awhile he went to sleep. The next morning he got up and dressed himself as usual. He had a slight cough but no pain; and in a short time the cough left him.

The neighbors had expected him to die, and came in to see how he was feeling. They were much surprised to see him dressed and looking so well, and expressed great joy at witnessing the miracle which the Lord had performed through His servants, and it has caused them to think seriously upon the teachings of the Elders whom they have heard.

These are only two among thousands of such instances that have taken place, both among the Saints and in the world; and should be a great testimony to all of

us that the Lord is powerful and willing to heal us through the laying on of the hands of His servants, the Elders. And we should live humble and faithful lives, so that we can receive sufficient faith to be healed when we are afflicted in any way.

Those who attend to their duties in the Church by going to Sabbath School, Improvement Associations, Primary Associations and Sacrament meetings, and who read good books, will be in possession of the Spirit of the Lord so that they will always want the Elders, instead of the doctors, to come whenever they are sick.

J. D. Cummings.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Feb. 8, 1899.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTINCT IN WILD ANIMALS.

MEN who were hunters in the early days in these valleys tell us that there used to be a regular deer trail or crossing at the point of the mountain south of this city. Year after year the animals, being driven out of the Wasatch mountains by the snows of winter, would cross over the Jordan river at or near the point now called the Narrows, moving toward the lower mountains and hills to the westward, and coming at last, during seasons of great severity, even to the borders of the desert. Year after year, as the snows began to melt and the sun's rays became warmer, the animals would drift back eastward again, crossing at their old trail and getting up into the mountains for their summer range. It was very rarely indeed that they crossed the valley, and then usually it was found that pursuit by an enemy or some other extraordinary circumstance was the cause. That which is called instinct in the dumb creation,

and which sometimes approaches what is called reason in the human race, seemed to warn them against exposing themselves in the open, level country; they therefore followed the mountains around until the foot hills approached very near to each other, and then they crossed quickly from the one range to the other.

This went on for no one knows how many generations of deer. It was noticed, as has been stated, by hunters among the earliest settlers, and it continued for many years afterwards. But as the main valley became settled up, and the valleys and benches and canyons all around began to have human inhabitants, the deer were forced to change their practice, and instead of going where they pleased and roaming free and unharmed wherever the weather's changes and their own tastes might suggest, they were compelled to go where they could, in order to escape from their arch-enemy, man. They were particularly frightened away from their old crossing place by the advent of the railroad. Where they used to trail across twice a year by hundreds and perhaps by thousands, a couple of railroads came upon the scene—one along the river's bank, the other high up on the hillside—and many trains each way daily snort and thunder where the timid deer aforetime tossed their heads and sped with nimble feet.

Now, the deer of the mountains do not fancy railroads. They are very shy about bounding across the track or of even coming near to the grade; while of course the unearthly puffing and steaming and whistling of a moving train is enough to drive a weak thing like a deer almost crazy with fright. So the old trail at the point of the mountain had to be given up; and this was done so long ago that there are probably no deer living—not even the most patriarchal among them—who ever

crossed over the river at the point mentioned, or who know anything about the line of march so regularly followed by their great-grandparents. The new generation have to make shift as best they can for winter food; and while the snows up in the mountain tops may sometimes cause them to be pinched a little with hunger, they wisely endure that unpleasantness rather than risk a too close association with mankind.

But a fortnight or so since we had an exceptionally heavy snow fall. It is many years since so much lay on the ground at one time. With a sudden flurry and whirl, it covered both plains and mountains; and birds and beasts as well as human kind were forced to do considerable skirmishing to keep from suffering. Under such circumstances one result usually occurs among animals of the deer species: they are driven into large flocks, rather than remaining in pairs or in small groups. Instinct seems to tell them that in time of peril there is safety in numbers; and instinct also tells them that the farther they descend from the lofty mountain tops, the less severe is the storm and the more likely the chance of getting food. So down came the deer a few days ago, when the storm had ceased. There was no help for it—they had to leave their mountain fastnesses, for such a snow-storm they had not seen for a long time. Near the mouth of one of the canyons east of this city a herd of about eighty was seen by several persons. A few hours later they were seen on the foothills a few miles further south. All reports went to show that they were moving steadily southward—and then, all at once the thought flashed into the minds of those who are interested in the habits of animals: *the deer are making for the old trail across the Narrows!* And sure enough

this was exactly what they did! A number of them actually crossed, braving railroad tracks and trains, but soon came back; and almost as suddenly as they came, the whole flock moved off into the high eastern mountains again, and were lost to view.

Is not this a wonderful instance of the power of instinct in animals? How did these deer find out about the crossing which their forefathers had traveled, but which they themselves could not have known of? It almost seems as if it were a tradition or a recollection with them. At any rate, is it not an evidence of the Lord's care over all His creatures, when even the trembling and timid deer is so gilded that without either training or example as a guide, he still does that which all past experience of the deer family for perhaps centuries back had shown was best for the safety and comfort of the family?

The Editor.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union Board, at meetings held recently, decided a number of points, which are here published for the benefit of the Sunday School workers among the Latter-day Saints.

STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

In all Stake Sunday School Conferences, certain points should be kept in view:

1st, as far as practicable, representative reports from every ward or locality in the Stake should be presented to the Conference following the printed questions prepared by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

2nd, the proceedings of each session

of the Conference should as a rule be a model program for the various schools of the Stake.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIRS.

There being an impression in some localities that Sunday School choirs were not favored by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, the matter was taken up and it was decided that the entire school should join in the singing, but that the Sunday School choirs should be organized and kept up to take the lead, and that rule No. 18, page 8 of the First edition Treatise, be adhered to.

POSITION DURING OPENING PRAYER.

It was reported that the children in some wards remained standing during the opening prayer. The Board thoroughly considered this matter and decided to encourage the practice of sitting down during the opening prayer. It was considered that where the children stand through the first song, then through the opening prayer, and again through the second song, they become tired and less subject to control than if they remain seated during the prayer. In such a position the teachers, it was thought, would be better able to keep them quiet and preserve that solemnity which the occasion requires.

ACCEPTING THE MINUTES.

Questions on the subject of accepting the minutes were submitted by a Sunday School superintendent, and it was decided that the minutes should be accepted by the vote of the uplifted hand.

QUESTION ON THE ROLL CALL.

A superintendent submitted the following question: "Shall a Sunday School teacher be marked late if he does not arrive at the Sunday School

before 10 o'clock? If not, how are we to interpret the rule requiring teachers to be present at fifteen minutes to ten?"

Decided: That if a Sunday School teacher is present at the calling of the roll at 10 o'clock, he or she must be so recorded—the clause in the Treatise recommending them to be present at 9:45 being suggestive and not mandatory.

REVISED QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY SUPERINTENDENTS.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board, at the meeting held September 1st, 1898, revised the questions to be answered at Sunday School Conferences by superintendents, and they are presented as follows:

1. At what time does your school begin?
2. What proportion of officers, teachers and pupils use the Children's Sunday School Hymn Book in your school?
3. How often does the school rise and sing in concert?
4. Under whose direction is the sacrament administered?
5. How many children in your school over eight years of age are not yet baptized?
6. How is your school graded?
7. To what extent is the Treatise followed in your school?
8. How often do you hold your teachers' meeting?
9. To what extent is the Word of Wisdom observed by officers, teachers and pupils in your school?
10. What proportion of your officers and teachers pay their tithing, and to what extent is it taught in your school?
11. By what methods do you cultivate the children's acquaintance with, and inculcate obedience to, the general and local Church authorities?
12. To what extent is the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR used in your school?

13. What percentage of your proportion of the Nickel Fund is paid by your school?

14. To what extent are testimony-bearing and fasting taught and observed in your school?

15. Where and how do you use the Leaflets?

16. What steps have you taken to secure the attendance of all the children in your ward?

17. To what extent do you practice concert recitation in your school?

18. For how long a period in your school is your plan of study laid out?

19. What text-books do you use in the various departments?

20. How many names have you enrolled on your record?

21. What is your average attendance of teachers and pupils?

Superintendents will please report on the foregoing questions at the Annual Sunday School Conference of their Stake, and also when requested to do so by members of the General Board or by the Stake superintendency.

Questions have often been asked concerning the respective rights of the superintendent and assistants in presiding in the Sunday School. Where a superintendent and his assistants have been in the habit of presiding alternately, the assistants, in some cases, have claimed the privilege as a right; in other cases, objections have been made to the assistants presiding at all, some considering it out of order. The Union Board is asked as to what is the correct rule.

Answer.—When the superintendent is present nobody else can preside. The same rule applies to his assistants in the absence of the superintendent. The superintendent, however, has the right

to call upon either one of his assistants to take charge of the school as often as he may please.

A SUMMER IN CHAUTAUQUA.

Beauty and Sorrow at Long Branch.

CHAPTER IV.

"NAN, here's a telegram from Kate. It is addressed to you, but I was so anxious to know what was in it that I opened it," said Becky as I came into the room one afternoon.

We were now comfortably settled in New York, and I had been out doing our daily marketing.

"Tonight?" I asked. "Is she coming alone?"

"Yes, I guess so. The telegram says: 'Will be with you tonight. Nora ill at Long Branch.' So I suppose she is going right through."

We could hardly content ourselves till evening, so anxious were we to see our friend.

Nora Barton had been ill for several years, and her husband had tried every climate recommended by physicians to try to win back her health. And this season they were at Long Branch.

In the evening Kate came. She was utterly worn out with worry and travel.

"I got the telegram that she was worse last Saturday, and have traveled night and day since," she said. "Oh, if she should die! I couldn't bear it, Nan, I really couldn't. She's all I've got in the world."

Becky and I did all we could to comfort her. While I was preparing our supper Becky ran out and telegraphed to Mr. Barton to know how Nora was. The answer came presently that she was much better.

Kate insisted upon our going with her

to Long Branch. I protested strongly, saying that we could not spare the time.

"Tomorrow is Friday," she answered. "And you have no lessons on Saturday and Sunday. You can come back Monday, if you need to do so. Becky can take extra lessons to make up for those she may miss."

"But," I said, "Becky could not go away without making arrangements with her teacher."

"We can drive past his house and see him in the morning. Our boat doesn't leave till noon."

"But, Kate, it would be intruding for us to go with you when your sister is so ill, and besides it would cost too much money."

"Do you think I invited you expecting you to pay your own way? I bought our tickets as I came along, so you must go. You do not know how glad I shall be to have you with me, or you would not hesitate a minute. Of course you must see Long Branch before you go home, and this will be your best chance. As for intruding, there is no danger of that, Ned and Nora will be as glad to see you as I am. They have rented a large cottage already furnished, and have plenty of help. So you see, you have no excuse."

She overruled all my objections so cleverly, and was so much in earnest about our accepting her generous offer, that I had not the heart to refuse.

The trip on the steamer down New York Bay was so delightful that Kate forgot her trouble for the time, and joined us in enjoying it to the fullest extent. The sun shone brightly, but there was sufficient breeze to make it cool and pleasant. We sat on the forward deck. Here we could see all that passed. From the saloon came soft strains of "Over the Waves Waltz."

The sunshine glimmered on the clear, soft water. To the east stretched the mighty ocean, and occasionally great ocean steamers glided past us. One passed so near that we could see quite distinctly the passengers on her deck. It was the great *City of Rome*. We did not know then that the people to whom we waved our handkerchiefs and who answered our salute were in terror for their lives; that a mighty fire was raging in her hold; and that the passengers were prepared at a moment's notice to take to the life boats which the captain had ordered to be lowered. We learned all this later from a missionary who was on the steamer.

From the wharf we took a local train to North Long Branch where our friends were staying. Our trip ended all too quickly and we found ourselves at our destination before we knew it.

Nora was lying on a couch out on the veranda facing the sea. She looked brighter and better than we had hoped. There was a pink flush on her pale face, and her eyes were large and bright.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried, holding out her arms to us all. "You don't know how happy I felt when Ned brought the telegram saying that you would all be here today. I could hardly wait for the time to pass. Yes, I'm better," she continued, "I'll be around in a short time. This sea air was just what I needed."

She seemed so happy and so well that we could scarcely believe that she had been so dangerously ill. She was thinner and whiter than when we saw her last, but far more beautiful.

At supper time we wheeled her into the pleasant dining-room, and she chatted gaily about home affairs. Kate was much relieved to see her so well, but I noticed that Ned looked at his

wife continually; and later, after she was asleep in her room, he stood for a long time alone on the veranda looking out over the ocean, and as he turned to answer some foolish question Becky asked, there were tears in his eyes.

From the house we could hear the roar of the ocean as the waves rolled in and dashed against the rocks.

"I must go right down on the beach," said Becky, "and see a real live ocean breaker."

And then we girls ran down hand in hand to the shore, and Ned followed us. Far out we could see wave after wave roll and tumble along, and at last break on the beach and retreat, giving place for the next. It was an enchanting view to us who had never seen such a sight before. The continual roar added to the effect; and when at last the glorious moon rose clear and full out of the sea, sending a long golden pathway across the water, up as it seemed to heaven, we could not express our delight. Becky fairly danced in ecstasy. Away, far off, so far that they looked like toy launches, passed large ocean steamers bearing their burdens to distant shores.

"A life on the ocean wave," sang Kate, and we all joined with her. Then we sang song after song until Becky began, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Ned started out bravely with us, but on the second line, "Let me to thy bosom fly," he choked and turned his head toward the little window where the light shone, and I knew his thoughts were with the dear girl whom he loved so much better than his life.

"Come, girls," said Kate. "Ned is tired and we must not keep him out here any longer. He needs his rest."

Becky and I had a pretty little room overlooking the sea, and after we had

gone to bed the rumbling of the water kept us awake, so we went to the window, and knelt down.

"This sight is too beautiful to leave," said Becky, when I told her it was too cold for us to remain there longer. Then she repeated the lines of Tennyson:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

In the morning we sprang up, fearing that we had slept too long. The sun was just rising in the sky, and the ocean looked beautiful in the morning light. The house was perfectly still, however, and thinking that everybody else must be asleep, we crept downstairs with our shoes in our hands. In the hall we met the nurse. She was crying. "Why, Mrs. Wilson," cried Becky; "Is Mrs. Barton worse?"

"She is dead," she answered with a sob. "She died about daylight. Miss Kate wouldn't let me call you because she thought it best for you to get your sleep while you could. And she died so suddenly that we could not call you in time to say goodbye. You may go in now and look at her if you like."

We went softly into the room where she lay so still and white. She looked as if she were sleeping, with her soft dark hair curling over her forehead, and her eyelids gently closed. Her husband's arms were still around her as they had been when she died. His face was hidden on her shoulder. Kate knelt near by sobbing quietly. It did not seem like a chamber of death, everything was so calm and peaceful, as if the spirit of the loved one hovered near to comfort the bereaved ones.

At midnight she had wakened and asked for Ned, and when he took her in

his arms and kissed her, she laid her cheek to his, and saying "goodnight," fell into a quiet sleep from which she never wakened.

We persuaded Kate to lie down and rest. Ned sat with his dead till the nurse, a kind, motherly soul, who had sons and daughters of her own, ordered him out into the fresh air. When Kate dropped asleep, Becky and I, feeling very sad and useless, wandered down to the beach. Ned came up to us.

"You girls will stay with us till we leave, won't you? She would want you to." He could not speak his wife's name. "And it would be such a comfort to Kate, poor girl! I've telegraphed for my uncle at Trenton. She did not want to be taken home, so we'll bury her there."

We could offer no comfort to sorrow like his, and feeling that his grief was too sacred for us to see, we moved quietly away and left him there alone. As we walked away talking softly, a beautiful ship came into sight and recalled to my mind the lines Becky had not finished the night before:

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

R. C. I.

THE DUMB ANIMALS' FRIEND.

THE approach of "Humane Day," (the last Sabbath in February,) draws our attention afresh to the subject of kindness to animals. The day has been designated for special instructions in our Sunday Schools regarding the proper care and treatment of dumb creatures.

It may be of interest to our young readers to learn something of the labors of a man who is devoting his whole life and fortune for the betterment of the condition of domestic animals and of living creatures in general. He is quite a remarkable character, and has dedicated his efforts to a good cause. His name is George Thorndike Angell, and his home is in Boston, Massachusetts. He is a fearless and an able champion of the rights of dumb animals, and in his efforts to prevent their being treated with cruelty he has met with remarkable success.

Mr. Angell is the founder and president of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Band of Mercy—three organizations that have been the means of accomplishing much for the comfort of dumb creatures as well as for the education of mankind in the principles of kindness and mercy.

Mr. Angell was born at Southbridge, Massachusetts, June 5, 1823. His father died when he was between three and four years of age. The father left but little property and the boy had to depend upon his own efforts and the assistance of his mother for support and education. When he became old enough his mother determined to send him to college, and by borrowing money she was enabled to do so. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1846, and then set out to seek a fortune. He went to Boston, where he secured a position as school teacher. Here he taught in the daytime and studied law in the evening and during vacation.

In three years he had the debt for his schooling paid with interest, and an accumulation of over a thousand dollars besides. He then obtained a position

in the office of an eminent lawyer of Boston, and in 1851 was admitted to the bar. After practicing law successfully for twenty-three years he abandoned the profession entirely, and has since devoted his whole time to philanthropic labors.

From his childhood Mr. Angell had been very fond of animals, and had often thought that something should be done for their protection. As early as the year 1864 he made his will in which he directed that considerable of his accumulated wealth should be used after his death in circulating in Sunday Schools and elsewhere information calculated to prevent cruelty to animals.

In 1868 he secured from the Massachusetts legislature an act of incorporation for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Men of means and influence joined him in the establishment of this organization. The same year he commenced the publication, at his own expense, of *Our Dumb Animals*, a monthly paper in the interest of humanity. Two hundred thousand copies of the first issue of this publication were circulated gratuitously throughout the state of Massachusetts. The paper still continues, and is sent broadcast throughout the United States and Canada. Societies similar to the one in Massachusetts were organized in other states. Later on the American Band of Mercy was established. Its purpose was to teach kindness to animals and to have its members pledge themselves to practice the same. Over thirty-three thousand branches of the parent Band of Mercy have since been established, and they are scattered over almost the entire globe. The American Humane Education Society issues humane publications by the millions yearly, not only in the English but in several European and Asiatic languages.

Besides his efforts in behalf of dumb animals Mr. Angell has been and is still laboring for the uplifting of humanity also. He is ever on the alert to expose producers of adulterated food or of any article that will endanger human health, and has done much to prevent the sale of such articles. He has also devoted his attention to the cause of the working man and to the wants of the poor. His only object in life is to do good to his fellow-creatures. Having acquired a fortune in early life, he is now spending it for the public good without any hope of pecuniary reward.

WHEN THE PANSIES BLOW.

Sweet; wee bird of beauteous feather

On yon snow-decked tree,

Cruel is the cutting weather

Boreas brings to thee.

Patient be a little longer,

Spring will warmth bestow;

Dainties will assuage the hunger

When the pansies blow.

Famished bird, with notes emitting

Signs of grief and pain,

As the blinding drifts are fitting

Over field and plain.

I can share the pangs of anguish

Which thy drooped wings show,

But the breast will cease to languish

When the pansies blow.

Would I could, sweet little stranger,

Spread with moss thy path;

Shield thee from the dread and danger

Of the blizzard's wrath.

But I know that birds, as mortals,

Must their trials know—

Bliss will smile through verdant portals

When the pansies blow.

Courage take, sweet bird, and cherish

Thoughts of brighter hours;

Thou shalt yet thy nestlings nourish

In the leafy bowers.

Pain befits the heart for blessings,

Hope is born of woe,

Life will glow with love's caressings

When the pansies blow.

J. C.

* * THE * *

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SEMI-MONTHLY, - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

UNWARRANTED CENSURE—A SPIRIT TO BE
REPRESSED.

AT A recent meeting of the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, certain unseemly expressions which had been used in a Sunday School by one of its teachers were brought to our attention. They were of such a character that we thought they ought to be noticed and some action taken about them. The remarks were in the nature of fault-finding and grumbling at the policy adopted by the officers of the Union, and also by other officials of the Church. They consisted, in fact, of a sweeping censure, not only of the Deseret Sunday School Board for its Nickel Fund collection, but also of other organizations and of the leading authorities of the Church for that which had been followed as a general financial policy.

Now, so far as the interests of the Sunday School in this country are concerned there is nothing connected with their management that is not always open to the closest scrutiny and examination. Every act of the Sunday School authorities is of so public a nature and so well understood that there can not be the least concealment about it, and no real ground can be found for fault-finding. The General Superintendent, who writes this article, has frequently stated in public his objections to anything being done about finances that would be objection-

able or that would be burdensome to the people, and especially to the children. For many years there was no collection of any kind made by the general officers of the Sunday School Union. Whenever suggestions were made as to the necessity of raising money, they were invariably laid aside, as it was the prevailing wish that the operations of the Sunday School, being conducted in the most economical manner, should be carried on in such a way that they could not be in the least degree oppressive to the children or to the people. Begging and the making of exactions of any kind were avoided. At last, however, it became evident that in order to conduct the operations of the Sunday Schools in a successful manner and to furnish literature that was absolutely needed, there must be some fund provided. Then it was that what is called Nickel Day was decided upon; that is, that there should be one day in the year when the children might contribute a nickel towards a fund that should be used for Sunday School purposes. Nickel Day, as thus instituted, has been kept for eight years; and the means derived from it has been fully accounted for in our general meetings, so that everyone who desires to can see the uses to which the fund has been put. We believe we are entirely safe in saying that no organization of Sunday Schools of the magnitude of ours in the world can be compared with it for economy and efficiency. We have not burdened the people. We have not cried to them for help. We have not made exactions upon them in any form, against which any reasonable objection can be urged. And therefore when we hear of a teacher in our Sunday Schools indulging in a spirit of fault-finding and censure regarding this and other business, not connected with this,

however, but still a part of the Church policy or system of doing things, we feel greatly grieved; and we feel led to say to all superintendents that no such person should be allowed to teach our children or to express himself in this manner in the hearing of our children under the sanction of the Sunday School authorities of the ward. No parent that values the future of his children would knowingly permit them to be exposed to such influences. A spirit of this kind is not of the Lord; it savors of apostasy; and remarks made under the influence of such a spirit and in the hearing of the children may do great damage.

As Sunday School authorities we would be under condemnation were we to permit anything of this kind to exist in any Sunday School without taking the proper steps to utter a warning against and to repress it. We hope, therefore, that Sunday School superintendents throughout all the land of Zion will take notice of what has been here said, that they will take pains to have the children surrounded only by the right kind of influences, and see that no teacher or other officer be allowed, in the presence of the children, to indulge in a spirit or yield to an influence that is not of the Lord.

KINDNESS TO DUMB ANIMALS.

THERE is a subject which we have often touched upon in these columns and sought to bring to the attention of the children. We refer to the proper treatment of dumb animals. So strongly has the importance of this subject been felt, that the Deseret Sunday School Union Board have selected and designated what is called "Humane Day," on which specially to bring home to the minds of the children the great necessity for proper education on the subject of the treatment of what is called

the brute creation. Everyone who travels much along the roads connecting our settlements, and who is familiar with the treatment that animals of various kinds receive, must be impressed with the necessity for a better, higher and more humane sentiment among our people, especially among the rising generation. Horses and cows and other animals are frequently treated with a cruelty and a hard-heartedness that are almost wicked. Many people seem to have an idea that because an animal cannot talk and make complaint concerning the treatment that it receives, it is not capable of feeling. Surely it is not necessary to say that this is a very great mistake.

Every child that is brought into contact with animals should be taught, by parents and by all who attempt to instruct the young, that it is a very great sin in the sight of the Almighty for the dumb creation to be treated with cruelty or even with neglect. A merciful man is merciful to his beast. A good master will see that his animals are fed and cared for, if they have been performing labor, before he himself sits down to food or to take rest. A merciful man who loves the animals which he owns and uses would not be contented to sit down to eat if he knew his horses or his cows were hungry and uncared for. He would see that they had food and water and were protected from the inclemency of the weather as much as they possibly could be, before he could enjoy his own food and drink and comfort. This same feeling should be impressed upon the minds of all children so that no animal that is in their care may be neglected.

Boys and girls neglect poultry, leaving them penned up without food or water, frequently through thoughtlessness and a want of proper consideration. They do not hear the chickens cry in language

which they can understand, and so they sometimes forget them. With cows and horses and other animals the case is the same. Yet the Lord has given us these animals to be a help to us. He has entrusted them to our care. They have His love and His sympathy; and we need not think for one moment that He will overlook our neglect of their wants. He will hold us accountable for their proper treatment. If we neglect them and suffer them to go without food, or water, or proper shelter, so far as it is in our power to provide it, He will be offended, and we cannot escape the punishment that He will inflict upon us in some form for our neglect of these creatures of His care.

In some places in our State where the homes of the people are scattered, they are under the necessity of using their teams to convey them to meeting, to social parties, and to the places where they make their household purchases. These teams are frequently left standing for hours in the cold or in the heat, utterly without that care which they should have: in the winter they are not blanketed, in the summer no shade or shelter is sought for them; and the poor beasts suffer to an extent that, in the case of human beings, would make their complaints sound loud in everybody's ears, and would bring upon those who caused the suffering the just displeasure of every right-minded person, if not indeed the law's stern punishment. Where there is a necessity to drive teams a distance in order to carry the family to meeting or to parties, humanity would suggest that sheds should be built convenient to the ward house or amusement hall, under which the animals might be tied and cared for--sheltered alike from the severity of the winter's cold and the torrid

heat of summer. If a ward were united in this matter, such a shelter might be constructed with very little trouble. What a pleasure it would be to every humane owner of a team, and if the poor animals could speak what gratitude they would express, if such a provision were made for their comfort during the long hours which they have to wait! Such steps as this ought to be taken. Where we treat our animals in an inhuman manner we not only displease the Lord and are guilty of sin toward the animal creation, but we also set an exceedingly bad example to the rising generation, one which is very likely to have a bad effect on their whole character. Such examples harden the hearts of the children, and stifle the feeling of kindness and mercy that ought to be cultivated. We hope our Sunday School superintendents and teachers will give this subject--the proper treatment of animals--due consideration and make it a lesson so impressive that their scholars will profit by it.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following day Papa Argyle announced that all the "plantation," or the white members thereof, were going down to the sea for a bath.

To be sure it was winter, and even on the Islands the winds were a trifle cooler during the winter season than usual, and more than all, the sea was perceptibly colder. However, all the newcomers were very anxious to go in bathing, and so all the folks had decided to go.

Down through the green, grassy pasture they took their way, over the low rock wall and past Kekanoha's house, where everybody said "A-a lo-o-o-ha!" and then through the deep sandy hills

and hollows, down to the very edge of the sea. A small bath-house served for the women of the party, while the men took shelter behind the boat-house.

A moment or two, and Mary, with a fluttering apron on, grasped her father's hand and plunged boldly in. Oh, it was cool! And in a moment, she begged to go back to the shore where she and the boys ran up and down in the edge of the dashing waves, now letting the restless lapping water cover feet and knees, and then running with shouts of frightened laughter clear up the sandy shore as some unusually large wave came down upon them almost catching them in its rough and swift embrace.

What joy it was to hunt for shells and bright sea-weed; to build caves and dens in the sand for the occasional wave to fill up into tiny lakes and ponds! And all the wondrous charm of discovery and possession! The children gathered armsful of sea-trash to take carefully back to their tiny house "to save and take home to Utah."

Their mother wisely allowed it all, for she knew time and experience would teach even the children to glean the real treasures out and reject the useless stuff.

And so life went joyously on for the children; and if Mrs. Argyle had heavy trials, she never betrayed the fact to child or friend; but bravely went on her way trying to do her duty.

In the sweet twilight, she would gather the three children about her and sit on the stoop or small porch at the front door, facing the ocean, and with her arms about them she would tell them stories of home and Utah so far over the sea which sent to them then its note of minor regret for partings and sighs so often drowned in its ceaseless roar.

The boys would look up at the stars shining brilliantly above them and ask

the mother again to tell the story of the baby's life and death whose body was laid in the silent tomb of distant Utah, but whose spirit was busy in those vast regions called Heaven, far beyond the "starshine."

There was plenty of work to do in the day, and even tiny Tommy had his chores to do night and morning.

As for Mary, her mother and she held a grand council, and then and there was settled decisively the range of each child's daily labors for the ensuing year.

The boys took turns in chopping kindlings and bringing them and the wood into the house for the cook stove. Then Allen had to go down night and morning with Papa and help lasso the calves while Papa did the milking. He also went out often to catch Papa's pinto horse, for the old horse would run from his master with seeming delight every time he approached him; but when little Allen came near, the old fellow would stand perfectly still until the boy caught his rope, and then how proudly Allen would lead the horse quietly to his father!

Now Mary was not a child who was naturally fond of domestic labor. If she could play the piano or organ, or crocheted, or make doll-clothes, she was perfectly happy; but housework was a sore trial to her whole nature.

So her mother determined to give her little girl all the benefit of careful discipline in this regard. Accordingly, Mary had a number of regular chores assigned to her. These were light at first but increased with every year. First, Mary must clear off the table after breakfast, then sweep up the floor and set the room to rights.

It seemed to Mary, after awhile, that this was the hardest and most disagreeable chore ever done by human hands.

"I will do any other work, Mamma. I will clean, or scrub, or wash dishes or anything. Anything else, Mamma!"

"No, my dear, it cannot be. This is your work and you must do it; you can help me with the other work, but this you must do anyhow."

Mrs. Argyle did not agree with many modern educators who assert that all work for children should be made pleasant and agreeable. She knew what she had suffered for lack of the discipline which comes from doing disagreeable things. She also knew how terribly handicapped she had been in early married life because of lack of housewifely training. So she resolved with a strong determination that her children should be taught to do all necessary work, both agreeable and disagreeable. And above all her daughter should graduate in the arts and sciences of a complete domestic course in home-making, even if book-learning suffered somewhat in consequence.

"Mother," mourned Mary one day, "I don't know how to be a missionary down here. I guess I can't be a missionary."

"My child, you are a little missionary from heaven. As long as you live you will be on a mission. God sent you from heaven to this earth to do a great work. So you can't choose but be on a mission."

That was a new thought to Mary, so she stopped sweeping a moment to think about it. Then she said:

"What can I do down here to be a missionary, Mother?"

"Why, darling, every time you sweep the floor, if you do it well, you are performing missionary labor. The missionaries here must eat and drink, and wear clothes; and when you make the house clean for Papa it is just as creditable so

as the duty is concerned as to go out and preach like Papa does."

Mary could hardly grasp that; but when Mamma took her out and showed her how nature sent the rain and dew to sweep and clean all the flowers, and how the wind swept the sky, she began to feel a certain dignity in her task and she murmured less after that.

The next day was Saturday and Papa came in early and said:

"Jane, all the folks are going up mauka, to get oranges. What do you think about my taking Mary with me as long as you can't go? Grandma and Aunt Maidie are going along."

Mary was in the tiny kitchen, busy at her morning chore, and she heard Papa's question and she listened breathlessly for her mother's answer.

"Why, Thomas, I think it will be very nice indeed. Mary does her work pretty well and I shall be glad to give her a holiday."

Mary dropped the broom and ran recklessly into the bedroom.

"Oh Papa, can I really, really go? After oranges and ride horseback? Oh dear, oh dear, where's my hat, Mamma, and where's my clean apron?"

"Mary," chided Mrs. Argyle, "you have not finished your sweeping. Go in the kitchen and finish up your work."

"Oh, but Mamma, I'll be too late! Just let me off this once, and I'll do the work good tomorrow."

"Will she be late, Papa?" asked Mrs. Argyle.

"No, I think not. I can wait for her and then we can ride a little faster and catch them before they have gone far."

So Mary hurried away, and hastily swept and tidied up the kitchen. It was very hard to take time to hang up the dishpan and put away the towels, but Mamma was inexorable, so she flew about

and learned meanwhile one great lesson—to finish her work before going to her play.

What fun it was for Mary to be on horseback with her arms tightly clasped around Papa's waist, and to gallop and gallop over the hills and down in the ravines; then they reached the mouth of the gulch where the oranges grew, and here they met the rest of the party.

All must ride carefully now lest they should slip down the slimy, wet side-hill.

It was beautiful, cool, damp, and intensely quiet in these tropical fastnesses. Great trees and ferns of a hundred kinds stood silently in the hush and gloom of the overhanging hills. The daily rain kept the gulches wet all the time; while carpets of richest moss and rarest lichen lined the banks of the silvery stream.

The path was only about eight inches wide and often led around a hill where a misstep of the horse would precipitate rider and horse far below on the rocks of the hurrying streamlet.

After two miles of rough and somewhat dangerous riding, the party reached the orange grove.

Down went the travelers on all fours to gather the luscious yellow oranges which lay here and there under the cover of fallen leaves and ferns.

Such laughing and eating and jesting! Such stories of prodigious feats of orange-eating as these missionaries had done!

One, two, yes some one said six dozen oranges had been eaten at a sitting by Brother Dale.

"Oh Papa, they are so good," cried Mary rapturously. "Come here, Papa, let me show you," and Mary drew her little shawl away from the pile of golden globes which she had gathered to take to mother and the little boys. They were the biggest and best she could find.

"But, my child, we can't do that way. We shall have to put all the oranges together, everybody alike, and then divide them up evenly among us all."

"What for, Papa?"

"This is a mission, and we all share and share alike. It wouldn't be right for us to have a single orange more than our share."

Mary's face fell. Surely missions were curious things.

"But Papa, don't we get oranges all the time here on the Islands, and can't we have all we want?"

"No, indeed, my child. Oranges are only ripe during a few of the winter months. And there are very few trees on this plantation. So enjoy your treat all you can here, you may not get any more oranges this year."

Decidedly it was pleasanter to dream and plan about "missions" when at home in Utah than really to be on a mission; but Mary was trying to be a little philosopher, so she succumbed to the inevitable, but she was still grumbling a little.

Grandma Howe came over to Mary just then and said: "Have you gathered any skeleton leaves to take home to Utah, my dearie?"

"No, grandma," answered Mary. "I don't know what they are."

"Come here, pet. Do you see these leaves? All the green has decayed away, leaving only the skeletons or the framework of veins and tendrils left. See how fairy-like the leaves are, just like the delicate tracing of a spider-web!"

"Oh, they are pretty! I must take Mamma some." Mary wondered, as she gathered her hands full of the lovely, pale yellow skeleton leaves, whether Grandma had heard her talk with Papa about the oranges.

"You see, Mary," went on the kind

voice of Grandma Howe, "there is no autumn down on these Islands. And so the leaves do not turn yellow and red from the touch of frost; but they are falling all the time from the trees and new leaves are putting forth. Come here; do you see these tiny young leaves on this limb, and here are full grown ones; and there, look, do you see the blossoms up there. Everything grows right along here without any time to rest or stop. She helped Mary gather one of the tiny new leaves, a bunch of the old leaves, and a whole handful of the delicate skeleton leaves. To this collection she added a spray of the orange blossoms, white and waxy. Then she hunted carefully for a set of the oranges in the different stages of growth from the tiny green bulb to the great golden globe filled with nectar and spice.

"There," said Grandma when the collection was complete: "now you can take them home to Mamma and the boys, and you can tell them the whole story of the orange and show them your specimens and they will know almost as much about it as you and I do."

Mrs. Argyle and the boys really enjoyed the story and the specimens more than they did the oranges.

Of a surety Mary was gaining valuable missionary experiences.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

THE old-time custom of reading the Bible in the family circle does not prevail so generally now as it did years ago. The use of the book in the public schools is not recommended if, indeed, it is permitted. And worse than all this neglect, men have endeavored to show that it is not worthy of belief or acceptance. The result is, the people of today

are less familiar with the Holy Scriptures than those of past generations.

This is a condition to be deplored. A person with only a secular education is but partially developed. He lacks in moral and spiritual culture. He is narrow-minded, one-sided and mentally unbalanced. An acquaintance with the teachings of the Bible greatly helps to supply these deficiencies in one's character.

It is a fact beyond question that the Bible has wielded a most powerful influence for the betterment of mankind. The highest ideals of most all that is good in the world have been obtained from the Bible; and those nations that have accepted its teachings are the foremost in civilization and culture. Our ideas of morality, of law and justice, of language, of poetry, of literature in general, and even of art and music have been suggested, at least, by that wonderful book.

Men who ignore the Bible and seek to cast doubt upon its truths are, to say the least, guilty of ingratitude: for they are greatly indebted to it, either directly or indirectly, for much of the culture and ability they may possess individually, as well as for the civilization that has made it possible for them to be what they are. It is observable, however, that those who reject the Bible are men unacquainted with its beauties—men who have not studied it. They are consequently incompetent to judge its merits or of its worthiness of acceptance. There are a number of instances of men who have undertaken to study thoroughly the Bible for the purpose of attempting to show its falsity and by so doing have become converted to its truths.

Many of the brightest men of modern times have been not only believers in the Bible but earnest students of it;

and they have acknowledged their indebtedness to it for the success that has attended them in the pursuits they have followed. It is my purpose here to give the testimony of some of these men concerning the value of the Bible. Their words are of weight, as they speak from experience and actual knowledge, while those who seek to depreciate the value of the Holy Scriptures speak without investigation and without knowledge of what they assert.

As to the validity of the Bible, here is the testimony of an eminent jurist, Salmon P. Chase, late chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States:

"There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved as a lawyer and judge I would try the book as I would try anything in the court room, taking evidence for and against. It was a long, serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings."

Goethe, the celebrated German author, says concerning the Bible as a guide to life with him:

"It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested, and richly productive of interest."

The boundless wealth of knowledge to be derived from this most remarkable book is thus commented upon by Sir Walter Scott:

"The most learned, acute, and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this

one volume. The more deeply he works the mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore; new light continually beams from its source of heavenly knowledge, to direct the conduct, and illustrate the work of God and the ways of men; and he will at last leave the world confessing that the more he studied the Scriptures, the fuller conviction he had of his own ignorance, and of their inestimable value."

The Bible's pre-eminence among books is dwelt upon as follows by Sir William Jones, an English orientalist:

"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history and finer strains of eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

Guizot, the French historian, regards the Bible as the Christian's bulwark. He says:

"The Christian faith has been, and is still, very fiercely and obstinately attacked. How many efforts have been and are still made; how many books, serious or frivolous, able or silly, have been and are spread incessantly, in order to destroy it in men's minds! Where has this redoubtable struggle been supported with the greatest energy and success? And where has Christian faith been best defended? There where the reading of the Sacred Books is a general and assiduous part of public worship—there where it takes place in the interior of families and in solitary meditation. It is the Bible, the Bible itself, which combats and triumphs most efficaciously in the war between incredulity and belief."

It is said of Daniel Webster, the great

American orator and statesman, that he owed much of his success as a lawyer to his knowledge of the Bible and his ability to apply that knowledge. In one of his speeches he gave this estimate of the value of that book:

"The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of special revelation from God; but it is also a book which teaches man his own individual responsibility, his own dignity, and his equality with his fellow-man."

John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, says:

"I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

The testimony of Edmund Burke, the English statesman and orator, is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Adams. He says:

"I have read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such reading."

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says:

"The Bible is the invaluable training book of the world."

James Kent, an American jurist, declares:

"No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind."

The educational and literary value of

the Bible is testified to by many of the ablest men of letters the world has produced. The great poet Milton says:

"There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach."

Concerning the poetry of the Bible Milton further says:

"The Scriptures afford us a divine pastoral drama in the song of Solomon; * * * and the Apocalypse of St. John is a majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

Referring to the sublimity of the Book of Job, Thomas Carlyle, the British essayist and historian, says:

"I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen * * * A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem, man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation."

Every young man and young woman should make a study of the Bible, not only for the religious truths it contains and the spiritual culture it imparts, but also for the intellectual education to be derived from it. It teaches good language—language abounding in sublime poetry and beautiful imagery; it develops the reasoning faculty, broadens the mind and gives an educational finish that cannot be gained from secular works. In all legitimate avocations of life an acquaintance with its truths is of value to mankind.

Edwin F. Parry.

Our Little Folks.



POMPEY CAUSES A MISHAP.

THIS picture looks something like a dog I used to have named Pompey. In playing with me once he made me break my arm—this was when I was three years old—and my Mamma afterwards wrote this verse about it:

A dear little boy named Daniel
 Played with a black and white spaniel
 One bright sunny morning in May.
 They laughed and they romped in innocent sport,
 They indulged in frolics of every sort,
 When alas! and alack-a-day!
 Down the steps of the porch they both rolled together,
 With a cry and a yelp of alarm;
 Up jumped the dog and ran over the heather,
 While poor little Daniel had broken his arm.
 He lay on the path and cried for Mamma,
 Who quickly ran to her boy,
 In her arms to hold him, with love to enfold him,
 For he was her pride and her joy.
 In a moment for a doctor they did send
 Little Daniel's broken arm to mend;
 While the bigger brother sighed
 And the little sisters cried
 And the doggie,—well, he died:
 And so the day did end.

Part of that last line is not exactly true, for Pompey did not die that same day; but Mamma says she had to have

something to end up the story with, and that this was "poetic license." Pompey lived several months afterward, but a neighbor at last poisoned him. We had all forgiven him for causing my accident, and when we saw the poor little fellow dying on the soft green grass under the trees in our garden, we cried bitterly, Mamma as much as any of us. My older brother dug a grave for him, and we gave him a nice funeral. I have had other dogs since, but none that I loved as much as Pompey. I am also glad to say we have had since that time other neighbors. I think there must be something wrong with people who throw poison in other people's door-yards to kill little boys' dogs when these dogs stay at home and do no harm to anybody.

While I was still carrying my arm bound fast to two little boards with a hinge between them, President Woodruff came to our house and stayed over night. He asked me what had happened to me, and when I told him all about it, he said: "Well, Brother Daniel, I also broke my arm in falling off the stoop when I was a little boy like you." By "stoop" I suppose he meant something like a porch. I had heard my Papa say that although President Woodruff had lived to such a great age, and seemed always so well, he had had almost every bone in his body broken. I thought now I could understand that he had to begin breaking his bones pretty early in life, and I thought also if I could live as long and be as good and beloved and great as President Woodruff was, I would be quite willing to have my bones broken one after another, beginning with this one.

This is a true story, but I will not sign my true name. I am willing to tell this much, though—I will be ten years

old next month; and if any of you can guess who I am, I suppose it will be all right.

Prince Arthur.

KINDNESS BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD.

A Story for Humane Day.

ONE winter about twenty-six years ago there was a deep fall of snow in Salt Lake Valley. Several inches of snow had been upon the ground for some time, when there came a great storm. For a little while the white flakes fell very fast, but soon the falling became less severe but continued steadily day and night for about two weeks. By this time the white covering of the earth was nearly two feet deep. The dried weeds and grass of the previous summer were buried completely out of sight.

Little Albert Miller as he was making his way home from school one afternoon noticed an unusual number of little brown "snow-birds," or linnets, about his mother's house. He was quite familiar with these birds, for, before the troublesome sparrow drove them away, they appeared regularly about the place each winter. Often they would gather in the branches of a tree in the garden and chirp in chorus most cheerfully.

Being desirous of possessing one of these happy little seed eaters, Albert had often tried to catch one with snares made of the hair of a horse's tail. His plan, which he had learned from older boys, was to form a number of nooses with the horse-hair and fasten them by means of a string to a peg which he stuck in the ground in some spot where he expected the birds would come. Then to induce his game to the trap he would

sprinkle some grass seeds about it. To the boy this did not seem to be a very cruel way of catching the birds, but when he did succeed in capturing one, he noticed that it did not enjoy its confinement so well as he wished it would; and the last one he secured in this way apparently died of fright while being taken from the snare.

It did not take long for the boy to discover the cause of the birds gathering so near to his mother's door. The deep snow had covered the seeds they were so fond of, and hunger had forced them to seek the crumbs that might be found in the dooryard. Albert's heart was touched with pity when he noticed the actions of the birds as they flitted about the door. Their movements told him as plainly as words that they were hungry, and they seemed to say, "Won't you give us something to eat?"

Albert's mother was a widow, and he was her only son. The previous summer she had had a new house built and one of the rooms was not completed. The cold weather came on before the plastering could be finished, so it was left empty during that winter. Albert asked his mother if he could not use that room as a shelter for the poor birds during the cold weather. He was given permission to do so and also to feed the starving birds with some of the wheat which his mother had for her poultry.

He opened the windows of the empty room and scattered upon the floor some wheat and bread-crumbs. He also managed to uncover some of the weeds in the garden and gather from them the seeds, which he threw into the room with the other food.

It was not long before the suffering birds found the food and helped themselves to it. They seemed to understand that it was placed there for their

special benefit and they would come in every day and get what they needed.

Albert thought they must have had some means of telling other birds about the find, for he noticed that the number increased each day. In a week after opening the window he found that there were hundreds of the little feathered creatures enjoying his hospitality. They became so tame that they would remain in the room while he was there and would hop about his feet and almost venture to eat out of his hands.

Often when the sun was shining brightly the birds could be seen perched upon the window sills chirping in unison most glorious melodies. Their music was indeed a song of thanksgiving and praise. It was a rare treat to hear them, and those who did so could not but be made glad and happy thereby.

The boy was quite delighted with his collection of birds, and he called the room his menagerie. He invited his playmates to join him in his pleasure of feeding and watching them. His companions also helped him gather seeds for them; and so interested did they become that they almost forgot the pleasure of coasting with their sleds.

Albert felt well repaid for his kindness to the birds. He never before knew so fully what a great joy it was to perform a kind act, or to relieve the suffering of helpless creatures. He learned that kindness brought its own reward. This was a valuable lesson to him. When he became a little older his mother purchased a cow, which he promised to care for. He took great pleasure in learning to feed and milk the cow, and knowing the power of kindness, he carefully attended to her wants and petted her, so that she became as gentle as a lamb. Being so well cared for, the cow proved to be a profitable investment

financially as well as a joy to her owner.

But what became of Albert's menagerie? my young readers will ask. Well, the birds continued to come to the vacant room to get food for several weeks. Finally the snow had melted sufficiently for them to get their own food, and their visits became less frequent. Still they seemed to remember their benefactor, and would frequently gather in the trees near the house and sing their gleeful song. *P.*

ONE BEAUTIFUL VALENTINE.

[CONCLUSION.]

ON opposite corners of the same block lived the happy children, Mayo and Lydia, with their parents, and poor little Maggie Myers with her widowed mother and her brother Ted. But different indeed were the two homes.

In the first, peace and love, kind words and good feelings were the rules by which the household was governed; in the other, such tender endearments were scarcely known.

Mrs. Myers was in many respects a good and generous woman. But she was overworked and irritable; and she allowed herself to be hasty and impatient with her children, in words and actions. The children, partaking of the same spirit, spoke and acted as their mother did; and as they were at home, so were they with the rest of the world, disagreeable and disagreeing with whatever they met.

So it was no wonder Maggie got on illy at school, and made no friends.

Ted did not go to school, but worked for a man who paid him small wages; and even the little he earned was not put to the best use. Instead of helping his mother as he should have done, he spent most of his earnings foolishly,

keeping company with idle, careless boys, whose acquaintance he had unfortunately made.

The same afternoon, and about the same time that Lydia found in her Bible, "Blessed are the peace-makers," Maggie was being scolded by her mother for sitting down to her books before cleaning the potatoes and getting them on to cook for the evening meal. And when she tried to explain that something which had been required of her class made it necessary for her to look up one or two points right away, she was told, snappishly, to "shut up!" Then she cried and moved slowly about her work; and Ted pushed her, and said she never was any account, and that he wished such things as books and schools had never been thought of. He had been troubled about his work that day, and was home earlier than usual, cross and hungry.

The jarring and contention continued all the evening. But such things are so unpleasant, it will be more satisfactory to return to the home of Mayo and Lydia.

Soon after the little brother and sister concluded to talk with their mother about Maggie and the trouble they hoped to save her from, they had the chance of speaking with her, and they asked her what she thought would be best for them to do.

The mother looked at her dear, brave, good little boy and girl with great satisfaction, and with much gratitude to the Lord for blessing her with such sweet-spirited darlings. And she thought of the little girl they were telling her about with much sympathy.

"I'll tell you what I think you might do," she said after turning the subject over in her mind. "Go to your school-room before time for school in the morn-

ing, and have a talk with the teacher; Miss Camp is always there very early, I have heard you say. You need not tell a great deal of what is going on, but that there are likely to be some ugly valentines brought by several of the children, to vex one of the little girls with; and say you think that as the next day will be St. Valentine's day, it would be nice to have a few words on the subject of valentines, from your teacher, sometime during the day; and try to get the children all to see that to buy ugly ones is of no profit to any one; but if they would each like, to give a nickel towards buying one beautiful valentine to be kindly presented to some poor child who needs encouragement and help."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Lydia, "that would be so lovely; but why not let Mayo and me get the beautiful valentine for Maggie all ourselves? We are the only ones that care for her, or would like to please her."

"Ah! but would that be helping the thoughtless ones to see their mistakes? Or in doing that, should you be as truly 'the peace-makers' you wish to become?" asked the mother.

"Well, no," said Lydia, "your way is the best, mother, it always is." "But how are we to keep Maggie from knowing all about it, if it is talked up in school?" asked Mayo.

Lydia clapped her hands, and said gleefully, "I know, I know! Don't you remember, Mayo, Maggie gets excused every Thursday afternoon, to go home and help her mother with her ironing? She will be out of the way, we will mention that to Miss Camp, and she will fix it all right." So the matter was settled, and the minds of Mayo and Lydia were at rest.

The next morning Miss Camp was surprised at seeing the two children enter

the school-room half an hour before time for school to open.

They told their little story prettily and carefully, and made the request suggested by their mother, which was smilingly acceded to by Miss Camp.

That afternoon, as usual, Maggie was excused early, and went home to help her mother. Mayo and Lydia watched her go out, and then waited eagerly for Miss Camp to begin her talk on valentines. She did not forget, as they were afraid she might do; but called the attention of the children in her room to the fact that the next day was one of interest to most young people, and asked who could tell her something about it. Nearly all hands were raised, and quite a number had the privilege of saying something on the subject.

At last a point was reached appropriate for the question by the teacher, "How many think it good fun to send ugly valentines to other people?" Several boys grinned, and some of them ventured to raise their hands.

"What is there about it that makes it good or amusing?" asked the teacher, motioning one of the larger boys to get up and explain. The boy jumped up quickly and blurted out: "It makes 'em hot!" and then as quickly sat down again, with a loud laugh in which his play-fellows joined.

"By 'hot,' I suppose you mean angry," said Miss Camp. "Who likes to feel insulted, and to be made angry?" No hands went up this time.

"None of us would like to have unpleasant valentines sent to us then," Miss Camp continued. "Ought we not to think of this when we feel inclined to send ill-looking valentines to others?" All agreed that they should, by promptly raising their hands.

"How many would be pleased at being

kindly thought of by a friend, or friends, and receiving a large, beautiful valentine?"

As the teacher asked this question, all hands were again raised high, and held so for some time.

Miss Camp motioned the hands down, and asked, "Why are we pleased when beautiful valentines are sent to us?"

The same boy who had told why he thought it fun to send out ugly valentines, answered by saying, "When we get a good valentine we think somebody likes us, and we are glad."

"That is a good answer," said Miss Camp. "When someone shows, by being kind to us, that we are liked, it makes us glad. But when a thing is done which shows that we are not liked, and that some one wishes to make fun of us, we feel vexed and sorry. And there is also another reason why a good and beautiful valentine makes us glad. It is a delight to look at a pleasant thing; but the sight of repulsive, hateful things, like some of the ugly valentines, will make us feel disagreeable.

"Now we have found how to dispose of the ugly valentines which may come to us; we can burn, or in some way destroy them, so they will no more offend us, or any one else. What do we do with a pretty valentine if one is sent to us?"

A little girl answered, "We keep it always, and are glad whenever we see it."

Miss Camp said, "I like that answer; it reminds me of a line of poetry which is often repeated. I will give it, and then I should like to know if anyone can tell me the name of the author."

The teacher then gave the familiar quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Several hands were raised, and a girl was signaled to name the author.

"I can't tell who wrote it, but I think it is in the Bible," she said.

Miss Camp shook her head and motioned to another girl, who arose and said, "My answer would be the same as Eliza's; I thought we should find it in Psalms or Proverbs."

Miss Camp again gave the negative sign, and motioned to Mayo, whose hand was still up. He was quite well acquainted with quotations and authors, for so young a boy, and said, "'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,' was written, I believe, by John Keats, an English author, who was born in seventeen hundred and something, and died young, in the early part of the present century."

"Mayo's answer is correct; and the quotation is true," said the teacher; "A thing of beauty *is* a joy forever."

"And let me tell you, boys and girls, there is nothing more beautiful than kindness. Nothing in the world that creates more joy, both for ourselves and for those around us, than good-natured words and generous actions.

"Now, as we have been talking of valentines, let's see how many of us would like to help, each a very little, to buy one beautiful valentine for some poor, dear child whose heart may be made glad by such a token of friendship and good feeling from us."

Miss Camp raised her hand, and, as far as she could see, so did each of her school children.

She then called on Lydia. That little girl promptly arose, with a beaming face, and said, "Miss Camp, I should like to give five cents to help buy a beautiful valentine for Maggie Myers."

There was a very faint sound like "Eh! eh!" from a few of the roughest and "toughest" of the children in the room; but it soon died away. And Miss Camp had the satisfaction of having

nearly two dollars subscribed for the worthy purpose on hand; and the still greater satisfaction of knowing that it was from the sincerity of the heart of nearly all her dear pupils.

She told them she would buy the valentine that evening, and they could bring their nickels and copper cent pieces the next day; and that they could all see the valentine at her desk during the day, being careful not to hint about it to Maggie, and then they would leave it with Mayo and Lydia, to be taken to Maggie's home, and put where it would be found.

This arrangement pleased the children, and they all went home very happy.

When Miss Camp went to look for a suitable valentine for her pupil, whose life seemed to have so little sunshine to brighten it, she found a great difficulty in securing one with words which she thought appropriate. But she took one at last, which showed storms and darkness at one place, and bright, sunny weather somewhere else. And although the lines on the front were only a simple declaration of love stronger than the storm or the fiercest rays of the sun, she found on the inside a sentiment which delighted her. It read:

"Dear Heart, though hard at times your way
may seem,
Remember life is like a changeful stream.
Its course, deep hidden oft in cold, dark shade,
Clogged by rough weeds and rocks, is sluggish
made.
But gushing forth at last, 'neath warm, bright
sun,
How glad, how free, how clear, its waters run!
So shall your life be, dearest; e'er you know,
You'll pass from shade into the sunshine's glow.
Be brave, fear not; but your best service lend
To Him, who is your one, sate, faithful Friend."

This pleased Miss Camp well. And without any hinderance, her whole plan concerning it was carried through.

St. Valentine's day was on Saturday,

and early that morning, Mayo and Lydia went to the door of the house where the Myers were living. "Shall we knock?" asked Lydia. "Oh, look here!" said Mayo, "we can poke it through the cat's door."

And so that is what they did with the valentine, which was plainly addressed to "Miss Maggie Myers." They would have liked to see how Maggie acted when she found it, but they were too well taught to think of trying to peep through the window. So they went home.

But this is what took place when the valentine was discovered: Mrs. Myers saw it and picked it up. With much surprise, she called to Maggie to come quick, and see what had happened.

Maggie opened her eyes wide, and examined the prettily ornamented envelope for some time before venturing to look inside. When she carefully drew the elegant valentine from the cover, her mother and Ted both stood beside her, and the three of them looked and looked, and wondered and whispered about it, as though a thing so marvelous had never before come to light. In a few moments, and after reading the simple declaration on the front of the valentine, Maggie suddenly left it in her mother's hand, and covering her face with her own, burst into tears. Ted was touched by this unusual show of feeling, and laid his hand with considerable brotherly tenderness on Maggie's shoulder. He had never been so affectionate as that before.

Mrs. Myers, when she had the valentine to herself, sat down and carefully searched the marvelous thing through and through. She found and read the more important lines on the inner side, and feeling that she did not fully sense their real meaning, read them again. Something in them seemed to appeal so directly to her heart, and to suit her

case so perfectly, that she also wept over her little daughter's beautiful valentine. Ted felt strangely moved indeed. Stepping softly to where his mother sat, and Maggie now stood holding one corner of the valentine, he laid a hand gently on a shoulder of each, and leaning slightly forward, read the lines which had so affected his mother.

It was wonderful, indeed, what an influence that valentine created in the widow's humble home. It was handled reverently while being read and re-read during that peaceful Saturday; and there was no chance or occasion for any unpleasantness. The work went so smoothly, and seemed so easily gone through with, that Mrs. Myers and her children scarcely thought of feeling tired when evening came.

Ted came home from his work, not a bit cross; and finding everything clean and orderly, he had his bath without giving any trouble to his mother or sister. And at the supper table he said, "I think I'll go to Sunday School with you in the morning, Maggie; I haven't been for a long time. But I feel as though I ought to go after this, and try harder than I have been doing to understand things. I know I shall be benefited by doing so."

This made his mother and Maggie feel happier than ever. The next morning, as Mrs. Myers watched her children go off to Sunday School together, talking kindly and cheerfully to each other, she felt as though the shades were already passing away, and the sunshine was beginning to smile upon her and her home. Ted and Maggie were pleasant to every one, and so every one seemed pleasant to them. They enjoyed Sunday School as they had never done before.

Mayo and Lydia saw them, and spoke in a very friendly way to them.

All the next week, Maggie was treated so well at school, and everywhere she went, that she began to think the whole world had suddenly changed from a place of gloom to one of light and joy. She soon found out where her valentine came from, for there were children in the school who were too talkative to keep secrets. But the whole school treated her kindly ever after that time.

And if Mayo and Lydia could have seen how changed things were in Maggie's home, how the three inmates continued to grow in love and sympathy and happiness, they would have rejoiced greatly over the success of their efforts. As it was, when they thought of the difference in the way Maggie had been treated before, and the way she was treated after the valentine affair, by all the children in their school-room, they were very happy in the thought that they were beginning to learn how to become peace-makers.

L. L. Greene Richards.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am eight years old and am the only one of my mother's girls at home. I go to Sunday School; and have a teacher whom I like very much. In day school I am in the third reader class B.

Anne Cannon.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We used to live in Spring Valley, Lincoln Co., Nevada. There were only two Mormon families in the valley, and we never had any Sunday Schools nor meetings—only about once a year we would go to a valley five miles from our place and hold a meeting. But about six years ago we moved to Hinckley, Millard Co., Utah, where we are now living; and we enjoy the Sunday Schools and meetings

very much. We all feel to appreciate the Lord's goodness to us in preserving us to move to a place where we can enjoy His blessings.

Lemura Walker, age 13.

HINCKLEY, MILLARD CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I thought I would tell you about how I got my foot hurt. It was in the spring when Pa was cutting lucern. I saw an onion in front of the mowing machine; it was quite a large one and I wanted to get it before the machine cut it down. So I ran and got it and stepped back two or three steps, and thought that would be enough. Papa told me to get further out of the way, but I did not heed him; then he tried to stop the horses, but could not do so quick enough; and the machine cut my foot half in two.

Alma Langston, age 11.

HINCKLEY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell how my little sister was healed by the power of faith. When she was about one year old, she took sick with a bad cold in her head, and in two or three days my mother saw a large swelling on the left side of her neck. It continued to grow until it was about as large as an egg. One night she was worse than usual, and she began choking until she went black in the face. My parents became quite frightened, and feared she was going to die. But my father called in the Elders and they administered to her and she was better almost instantly. She slept quietly through the night—something she had not done for a week or two. That night the swelling broke and she was well inside of three days. Now she is eight years old, and enjoying good health.

Maud Langston, age 13.

TO OUR READERS.

The attention of our readers is again called to the importance of reading the advertisements in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Very few people who do not make a study of it realize the amount of care and attention given to our advertisements; the various Merchants after a thorough search through their entire stocks select one or two articles which they wish to dispose of at a price far below the regular, and after we have satisfied ourselves that it is really exceptional value we print his advertisement among the "Juvenile Bargains." A concern worthy of extra mention in this direction is the Davis Shoe Co. They take the greatest care not to offer anything that is not absolutely reliable, their chief aim being to make a permanent customer of you; they prepay

express charges on all goods, and the best proof in the world of their absolute sincerity is that anybody who is not entirely satisfied with his purchase can return the goods and get his money back without a murmur.

The Dinwoody Furniture Co. are going to make a special effort for mail orders through the JUVENILE. This house is so well known for reliable goods at the right prices, that little need be said, and we trust they will receive the cooperation of all JUVENILE readers.

We say right here, and we mean it, that you will find it well worth your while to study every advertisement in the JUVENILE now and in the future, as we are on the ground and know by personal inspection that truly exceptional advantages are continually offered.




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For daily use it not only imparts a soft, velvety smoothness to the face but unlike many other preparations, I find it is of positive benefit to the skin.

She refers to the renowned
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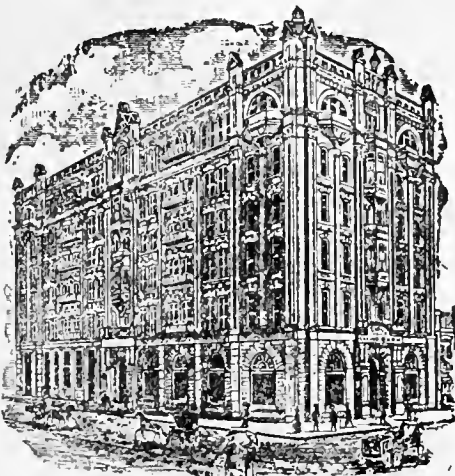
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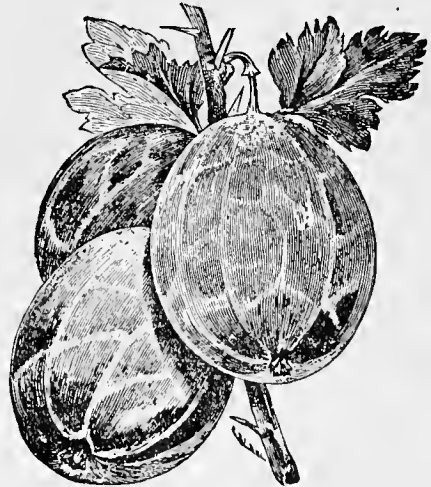
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